

## NEW YORK HERALD

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have been skillfully protected and wild life of all kinds has been conserved and propagated. The Whitney family has sold its holdings for \$60,000, of which the State Legislature has appropriated \$50,000, and \$10,000 is to be raised by subscription. This price is \$17,000 under that which Mr. Whitney paid for the land about 1894. Not only does the State get a bargain in real estate but it receives the benefit of the large sums spent in stocking the woods, streams and ponds. Mr. Whitney brought elk, moose, deer of several varieties, pheasants and other game to the preserve.

The Whitney preserve has for years been a game sanctuary, in which deer were safe from hunters even in the autumn open season. As a State park it will continue to serve as a shelter. From the game bred in its safety the surrounding country has been naturally stocked. Massachusetts will continue the work Mr. Whitney began, and the fine park his discriminating taste created will be maintained for public enjoyment.

### The Five Day Week.

The announcement that HENRY FORD is to establish a five day working week in his factory is, when read alone, joyous news to all who like to think of bringing work down to the irreducible minimum. Forty hours a week, they will say, sounds good; later we shall have a thirty hour week, then a twenty hour week and, eventually, a ten hour week. Perfectly fascinating! At the finish there would be the grave question whether the ten hours should be worked all in one day or spread over two or three days.

But the news of the five day, forty hour week must not be read alone. Interwoven with it is the announcement that the pay will be reformed too. That is, there will be five days' pay, and no more, for five days' work. Instead of working five and one-half days for \$33, the \$6 a day men will work five days for \$30.

The Ford idea is to make room for more workers and to let all the employees have more time "for self-development." A self-developer can spend the new freedom of Saturday morning in a hundred different ways. Gardening, motoring, baseball, cellar chemistry, the reading of Beroson or Wells, courting, fishing, or plain loafing—all these come under the head of self-development.

Suppose an earnest young Ford employee should go to HENRY FORD and say to him: "When you were a young man, Mr. Ford, what did you do with your time outside of eight hours five days a week?" HENRY, we fancy, would reply that, after working ten or twelve hours or fourteen a day for six days a week he managed to get in all of his self-development on Sunday.

### Passing of the Old Time Fiddler.

When STUBBINS WATTS, a great-grandson of DANIEL BOONE, died a few days ago the West lost its most famous old time fiddler, perhaps its last. Fiddling was WATTS' vocation; his avocation was running a mill on Indian Creek just south of Westport, a mill which his father built 100 years ago and of which the first customers were Indians and pioneers with long barreled rifles and coonskin caps and the last were city folks in automobiles who found WATTS' cornmeal the best there was for making pone, that great Missouri delicacy. A few days after his eighty-fourth birthday STUBBINS finished his day's grist, played "Old Dan Tucker" just for practice, then dropped off to sleep, just as he used to do when a mill boy seventy years ago, and never woke up.

"You can't fiddle without you pat your foot," said STUBBINS. This was only another way of saying that you must tingle with music from the tip of your fingers to the tip of your toes. Old STUBBINS should have known: he was a master of much experience. When Kansas City, ten miles away on the Missouri, was "only a parcel of shacks on the river bluffs," Westport was quite a place. It was the fitting spot for pioneers, emigrants and gold seekers bound over the Santa Fe trail for the Rockies and the Pacific coast. As a boy STUBBINS fiddled for the entertainment of this strange company of wanderers and fortune seekers while they awaited the start of their great adventure into the almost unknown regions of the far West.

When the civil war broke out he fought in the Confederate army under General STERLING PRICE and between engagements with the troops of General LYON or General FRANZ SIGEL, he was busy playing "The Arkansas Traveller," "Leather Breeches" and other home tunes to while away the tedium of camp life and keep up the spirits of the soldiers. No dance in the neighborhood up to half a century ago was worth much if STUBBINS WATTS did not fiddle for it. Folks came from fifty miles around; they began dancing at sundown and kept it up until sunrise except on Christmas, when they danced all night and most of the next day. "We played good tunes in those days," said old STUBBINS, "Turkey in the Straw," "Old Dan Tucker," "Give the Poor Fiddler a Dram." They'd make your feet tingle."

There was power in those old tunes under the touch of a master. Governor BOB TAYLOR and his brother, ALF A. TAYLOR, early in the '90s revived them on the lecture platform to relieve fortune lost through politics. Governor BOB's "Fiddle and the Bow," besides building fifty monuments and helping any number of

churches, brought him in \$75,000. In one short tour the two brothers together earned \$44,000; in all they made several hundred thousand dollars. ALF A. TAYLOR at 73 has his old fiddling spirit and his love for the old tunes.

Ten years ago DEXTER ALLISON, who was then past 80, offered to contest for State honors with any other old time fiddler in Georgia. BILL MONTGOMERY and ZEB BIGGS, two Alabama champions, passed on years ago. WISE DEACON of the Arkansas Ozark region, when more than 90, was still able to wield a bow, one of his neighbors said a few years ago. But, said the old fiddler, "the dram of white stuff you get at the dances ain't got the joy it once had." DEACON and his old competitors and friends, YELL and GIP JOHNSON, BILL HANKS and BOB BULLOCK, have perhaps stopped fiddling or, what means the same thing, have passed on.

The little boxes with their canned music and the latest dances of Broadway have reached the most remote hills and valleys, and the old fiddler's occupation is gone and with him his old tunes. Now comes the radio to cast them still further into memory's shadows. Old STUBBINS said that he guessed one of these foreign fellows he heard in a concert was a good musician, "but it didn't sound like fiddlin' to me." Perhaps the foreign feller could not pat his foot as the good fiddlers should. STUBBINS' son will run the old mill; but the old fiddle was reverently packed away in its case. There is no one left to play it.

### Not Speaking by the Book.

Recently two prominent men, one in the United States and one in France, have made public or semi-public utterances which were interpreted in some quarters as reflecting the views of these gentlemen's respective Governments. Mr. CRAWFORD's remarks on the four Power treaty were used in the United States Senate as a club against the treaty; and a denial from the Secretary of State was necessary to offset the mischievous effect.

On the other side of the Atlantic Mr. LOUCHEUR's outgivings on the subject of France's foreign obligations were of such an alarming nature that the highest officials of the French Government made haste to assure the world that Mr. LOUCHEUR did not speak by the book.

These incidents furnish the occasion for saying that when private citizens discuss, semi-publicly or publicly, matters of national or international consequence, or other delicate matters of a governmental nature, they can make no mistake by emphasizing and re-emphasizing the fact that they are expressing only their own private opinions. Failure to do this, failure to make it plain that they do not pretend to speak for the Government or for any responsible official, is to court misrepresentation of the Government and its policies.

### Stambulski Remains Premier.

Western Europe will hear with a gratifying sense of relief that the early report from Vienna of the overthrow of the Bulgarian Premier, ALEXANDER STAMBULSKI, is officially denied at Sofia. One reason for the credence of the Vienna report arose from the fact that it was generally known that the Bulgarian militarists, who included the adherents of the former King FERDINAND, many officers of the old army and the conservative politicians of pre-war days, were bitterly antagonistic to the Stambulski Government. This feeling has been so intense that many of the Premier's friends feared that assassination, the fate which befell STAMBULSKI, another of Bulgaria's wisest leaders, might be the equally abhorrent fate of STAMBULSKI.

It is really doubtful if Bulgaria has produced a man more capable of meeting the emergencies of the situation than STAMBULSKI. He was born of the peasantry of a peasant State, a man of big frame, powerfully built, physically and mentally strong. He knew that the peasants, with their conservative instincts, their sense of gratitude to Russia as a liberator and to Great Britain as the early champion of their nationality, were opposed to Bulgaria entering the war as an ally of the Central Empires. He thus felt that the Bulgarian peasantry was back of him when he opposed FERDINAND's military plans.

"Your Majesty will answer with your head for the fatal course you intend taking," he said. STAMBULSKI was sentenced to death. His execution would have meant rebellion, so he was sent to prison for life. When Bulgaria's defeat and fall were imminent FERDINAND pardoned him, sent for him and said that he forgave him. "But will Bulgaria forgive you?" was his reply. He came into Sofia with the revolting troops from Macedonia and he started the Fox of the Balkans across the border into exile.

He went, it might truly be said, from prison to the Premiership. His first act as Prime Minister was to sign the treaty of Neuilly; his next was to insist upon the strict observance of its terms. Every Bulgarian man and woman, he declared, should go to work to help rebuild the fallen fortunes of the State. When LENINE sent his Bolshevik representatives to Bulgaria STAMBULSKI handled them himself. He personally broke up their meetings, booted the leaders out of Sofia and told them he would hang without trial the next one that would raise his voice in Bulgaria. So effective was his method that Bolshevism ended its

propaganda not only in Bulgaria but in the entire Balkan region.

He believed that the greatest blessing Bulgaria could have was years of peace. He was an enemy of political adventures; he sought to resuscitate his country by promoting its economic prosperity. He was opposed to war with neighboring countries. This was the reason of the militarists' antagonism to him. They wished to recover the territory lost to Serbia and Greece; they sought to revive the army to assert by force of arms Bulgaria's claims in Macedonia. Western Europe saw in this revival of Bulgarian militarism a menace to the peace of southeastern Europe. It knew STAMBULSKI—he had recently visited London and Paris and had been well received—and it trusted him as a pacifier of the Balkan region.

### Wrangell Island's Ownership.

Rather more than forty years ago, during the search for the ill fated Jeannette, several vessels anchored off Wrangell Island, then charted as Wrangell Land. One of the first to visit the island was a Coast Survey schooner. The diary of Professor MARCUS BAKER contains uncomplicated opinions concerning the bears which he met, but there is no reference to annexation or to occupation of the island.

The revenue cutter Corwin anchored off the shore of the island about the same time and sent a landing party thereto. The Rodgers, also in search of the Jeannette, made a landing and her officers made a reconnaissance of the coast, discovering that Wrangell Land was not part of an arctic continent but an island one hundred miles or more off the Siberian coast. The officers of both vessels filed claims upon the island as a territory to be annexed to the United States. Lieutenant BERRY of the Rodgers left the American flag flying from the cairn containing the claim of annexation.

The principles of international law as set forth by Professor LAWRENCE of Cambridge University, an authority on the subject, are plain. Annexation and occupation are the foundation of the right of territorial acquisition in such cases. In the present instance discovery is not a factor. Annexation to be valid, according to Professor LAWRENCE, must be confirmed or ratified by Federal recognition of the act; it must be followed by occupation.

It remains to be seen whether or not a scrap of evidence exists that confirms the act of annexation by the Corwin or by the Rodgers. The original document of the Corwin's act is in existence, having been brought back by Lieutenant BERRY. A copy thereof was left by him along with his own claim. Certain it is that annexation was not followed by occupation. Mr. STEPHANSON's only claim to occupation of Wrangell Island is the fact that the crew of the wrecked Canadian ship Karluk spent several unpleasant months on the island, not after but before STEPHANSON's claim of annexation—as a matter of detail, about nine years before.

It is likely that the island may prove of value as a source of furs; certain it is there are bears aplenty. A leaf of his diary shows that in pursuit of a polar bear skin Professor BAKER narrowly escaped leaving his personal skin on the island.

The Japanese are pushing their way along eastern Siberia. Should they capture the prospective fur trade of the region Wrangell Island will give them not only a valuable trading region but also a fine strategic airplane base.

The Board of Health mathematicians figure the increase in New York city's population since January 1, 1920, at 219,000. In their computations the statisticians have made allowance for births and immigration; have they taken into account the number of persons who have quit New York because of hard times, high rents and similar causes?

Kansas may forbid a strike of coal miners, according to the latest news from Topeka, and as the Kansas industrial relations law has just been upheld by the Supreme Court of the United States this act would not be an empty gesture. Governor ALLEWELL announced that the people of his State should not be frozen by a more politician's bid for support but the reasoned declaration of a man who knew what he was about.

A young Detroit motorist father left his half a million dollars on condition that he refrain from drink has been sent to jail for forty-five days for driving a motor car while intoxicated. This individual does not intend to let a dead hand restrict his priceless freedom.

### An Iconoclast on Indiana.

By THE NEW YORK HERALD: Before any body beats me to it on this monument thing started by your post Maurice Morris I want to tell you one of the well known Hoosier institutions in whose midst I am now sojourning.

From Mich. to Ky. from Ill. to O. It's strictly "on the level." And should the Wabash overflow "Would likely raise the d-v-l."

If you should go to Terre Haute You'd find it very pretty. My friends have often told me, but I've never gone. A pity!

I'm here in Indianapolis. Sooth. It hath railroaded a park, too. A monument, and Newton Booth—He's just "the same old Tark," too.

I've been down in the bottom lands And heard spawpers singing Amid the blooming paw-paw stands, As spring begins its springing.

And this is all I've time to spill Regarding Indiana: Zipp, Teft, Kouts, Poe, Barce, Poseyville, Logoonce, Sulphur, Hanna.

INDIANAPOLIS, March 24. DRUMMER.

### An Appreciation.

TO THE NEW YORK HERALD: Please allow a long time reader to express appreciation of the graceful and feeling editorial tribute to Mr. Mitchell on the occasion of his seventieth birthday.

You say that notwithstanding his great place in the newspaper world Mr. Mitchell is little known to the American people, and perhaps this is so. On the other hand, there are few old readers of THE SUN who, despite the fact that they may never have met him in the flesh, have not acquired a real fondness and high respect for him—a sort of impersonal affection that is as rare as it is truly satisfying to him.

Dear Mr. Mitchell, I take it on myself to address him in their behalf and with the indulgence of THE NEW YORK HERALD.

The Caribbean sits and smiles, With you beside it smiling too. We trust, while down the billowed miles We send belated greetings through.

You bear at length the threescore years The Psalmist allocates with due care To round out most mundane careers Devoted to the sword or pen.

The Psalmist possibly is right, But you a challenge bold have flung: For though your thatch be frosted white, It roofs a soul forever young.

So may we well indulge the hope That time shall fear to grasp your gage Extended to a green old age.

That hope perhaps may bear the taint Of selfishness in some degree, For then you can't refuse to paint Man and the all-expressive age.

The mingled fancy, wit and sense Must flow on from your styligraph, Good counsel void of all offense, In classic prose stripped bare of chaff.

And so stay on where skies are blue, Where hours are gold from Chronos' urn, Old memories, new hopes, pursue, But—don't forget you must return!

M. W. P.  
 New York, March 25.

### Fair Play for Sirens.

Objections of an Artist to the Design of Civic Virtue.

TO THE NEW YORK HERALD: Mayor Hylan and the many women of prominence are right in their denunciations regarding the statue of Civic Virtue.

As a piece of fine sculpture it might be all very well. But as a symbol of civic uprightness it is a signal failure. In the first place, no gentleman would ever think of maltrusting any one of the fair sex, and no woman would ever think of representing, how cowardly of him to tread upon a siren one-fourth of his gigantic stature! This is not even fair play.

The sculptor forgets that all women are not sirens nor all girls flappers. What, for instance, about the upright mothers of our millions of law abiding citizens? Those who lure men away from virtue are in the minority. For a man to be never led astray by any siren. Only weaklings are.

Why should men ever speak unfavorably about girls and women anyway? Do they not know that without the sympathetic aid of woman we men could accomplish only very little? Then why does the sculptor make his Civic Virtue trample on the bodies of two beautifully bodied women?

No, the statue is a failure. It is not fit to be placed on a pedestal in a public square. It degrades womanhood. At the same time it makes of man an unmanly savage who maltreats the fairest creatures on earth!

Let man and woman walk hand in hand through earth's short span. If so, no need of civic virtue anywhere. Such a symbol would show up fine in a statue worthy for all of us to gaze at exultingly. LOUIS M. EISENHUTZ.  
 New York, March 25.

### Blackface Comedy.

Bert Williams Displayed the Naïve Philosophy of His Race.

TO THE NEW YORK HERALD: Your correspondent, Herbert S. Renton in asserting generally the superiority of white comedians over colored in blackface comedy certainly fails to understand what constitutes genuine negro humor.

Rarely does a white performer meet the requirements. As regards McIntyre and Heath there can be no question that they are among the very best, and there is nothing to be said for the Virginia Minstrels. Now when it comes to art there are very few negroes who meet the demand. The late Bert Williams seems to me to have met every requirement of a great comedian. He knew how to get his stuff over. And his attack was always aimed at that naïve philosophy characteristic of the negro and not that coarse burlesque element which is rarely absent in the white performer. NISKO.

New York, March 25.

### Charley White, Black Face Star.

TO THE NEW YORK HERALD: Among the negro comedians I have yet to see any mention of is Charley White of old 444 Broadway, who was to my mind and the minds of many others the star of them all. His specialty was the old negro type, an even off the stage in order, Mr. Kelly, the Virginia Minstrels.

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New York, March 25.